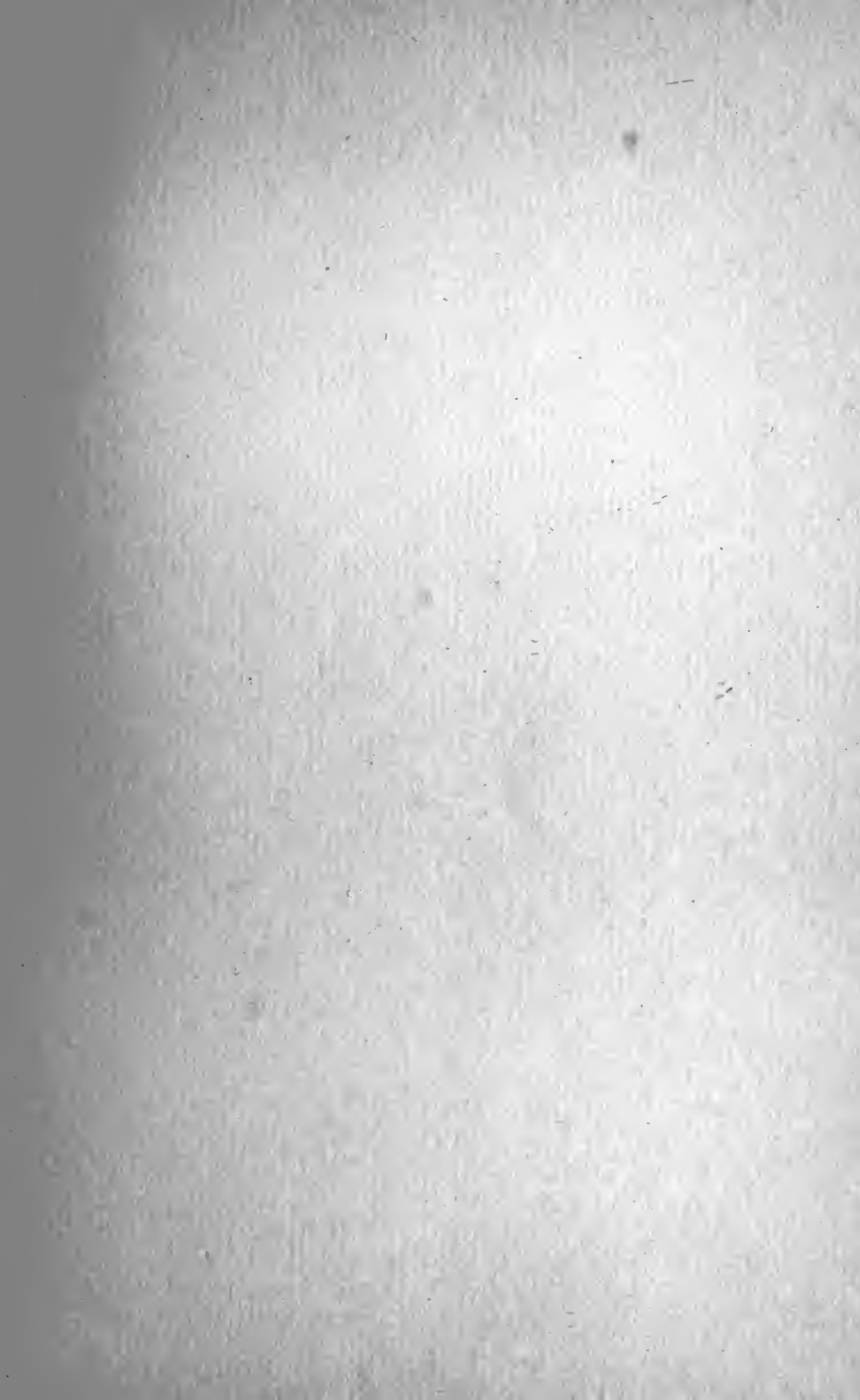


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IN HEINE'S GARDEN

BY

THEODORA ADELHEID THOMSON

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WITH A DECORATION

BY

J. WESLEY LITTLE



WILLIAMSPORT

1915

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“ Aus alten Maerchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand ;
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland——”



IN HEINE'S GARDEN

I

The mists have cleared that wrapped the sombre
woods for days;

A watching robin chants with all his might;
The patient fields lie still, beneath the sunset flush
That stains the moving clouds with rosy light:
The hills stand up against a reredos of flame,
Mute sentinels that guard from vulgar sight
The royal, sacrificial offering that day
Brings to the altar of the coming night.

IN HEINE'S GARDEN

II

Darting from his silken nest,
Quivering in the scent-filled air,
Dipping in the rose's breast,
Flashing here and flashing there—

Flies the humming bird along,
Gleaming like the sun and sea—
Scattering, in lieu of song,
Bursts of visual melody.

IN HEINE'S GARDEN

III

A dying rose's petals once I cast
Unthinking, on the softly moving air,
Which bore them, where a crooning river passed,
And dropped them lightly on its bosom fair.

Lapped by the waves, their slackened petals curled,
Then floated on—a fleet of crimson ships—
Exhaling perfume where the eddies swirled,
Sweet as a maiden's unsundered lips.

IN HEINE'S GARDEN

IV

Dear butterfly, beyond the grape-vines,
In the radiant morning light
Showing, 'gainst the crimson roses,
As a drifting speck of white,

Tossed about by careless breezes—
Like hawthorn floating in the air—
Though the roses last till autumn
Thou, to-morrow, wilt be where?

IN HEINE'S GARDEN

V

The Northwind blew across my garden fair,
His icy hands stripped all the branches bare;
Where'er he breathed the flowers knew decay
And lost a summer's glory in a day.

But lo! on all the drooping heads appears
A mist-born veil, as if of frozen tears:
Kissed by the sun, behold, my garden gleam,
Bright answers flashing to each ardent beam.

IN HEINE'S GARDEN

VI

By the shore where my garden endeth,
And the pebbles glow like pearls,
I saw the breakers uprearing
To fall into eddying swirls.

Sheer masses of strong green water,
Driven on by the masses behind,
And casting their spray, like favors,
On the breast of the following wind.

They break, that foam may be fashioned
Of the wrack of their strength and might—
Foam flowers, as evanescent
As dream-faces, seen in the night.

IN HEINE'S GARDEN

VII

I breathed upon the winter window-pane
And quickly, as by magic hand,
Was born a tiny mountain-chain
That grew into a fairyland—

A wilderness of frosty lines
With crags and castles, half revealed,
Behind the minaret-shaped pines
That steep and thread-like paths concealed:

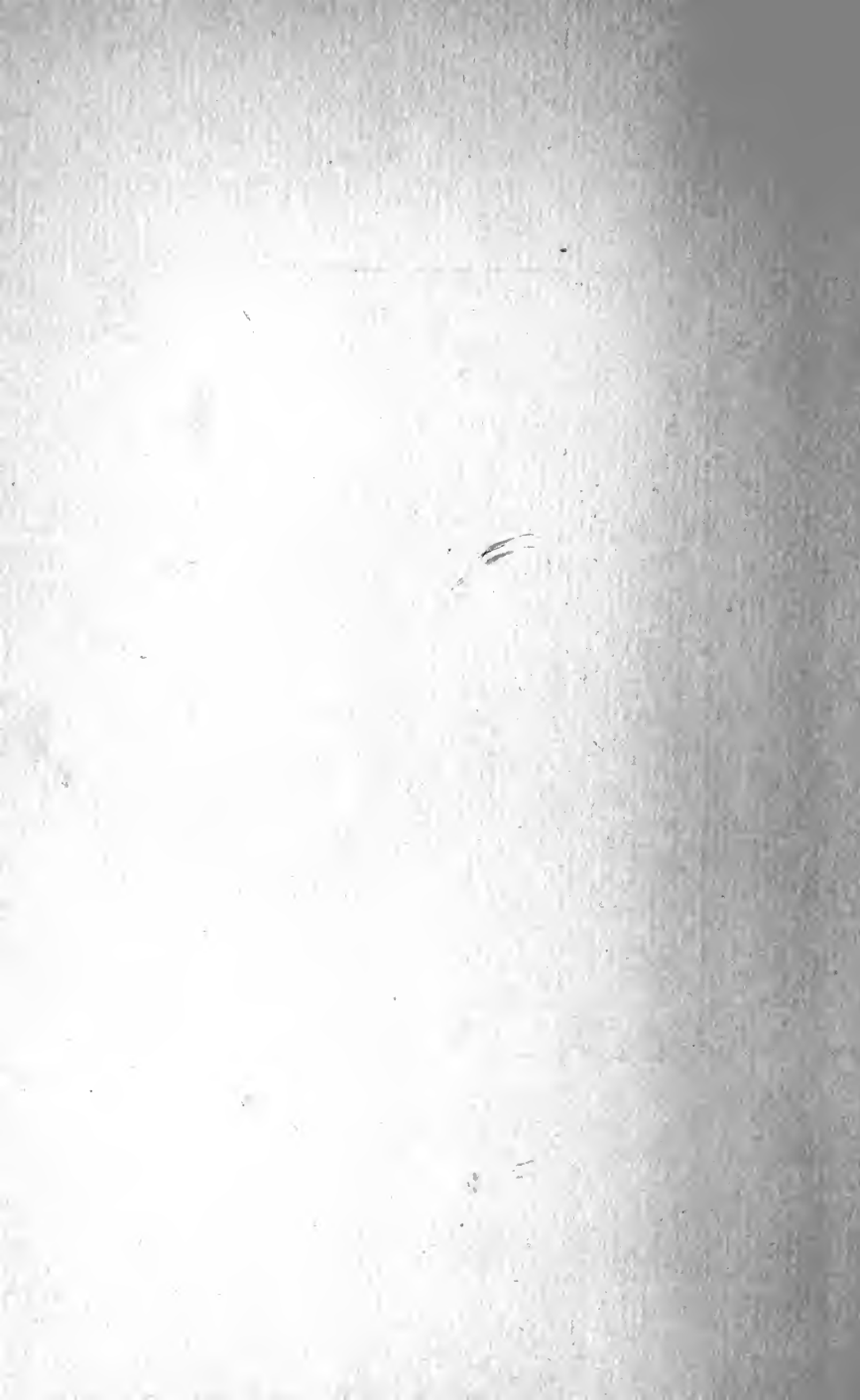
And silver ferns and flowers bloomed,
Near where a giant rock-rift showed
Where distant haunted caverns gloomed,
And where,—but ah! the sunbeams glowed.

IN HEINE'S GARDEN

VIII

Lean-limbed and gaunt against the shifting tide,
Of cloud and sky, that turns from gold to lead,
A lonely pine rears on the mountain side,
Austere and gloomy, his unbending head.
Slow winds, that through his dark green needles
 blow,
Chant sombre songs of dead idolatries;
And 'neath his branches wander, to and fro,
Unformed desires and vague mysteries.





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